TIME MAKES CHANCES PLEASANTLY.

Does transfer is and life creeces A prilon with no oven gate, And fettered circumstances and feer Attend thy ways !- In silence wait And look to God; it well will be, For time makes changes pleasantly

"H. H.'S" GRAVE.

God, for the man who knew him face to face Prepared a grave apart, a tomb unknown, Where dews drop tears, and only winds make And white archangels guard the narrow space.

God gives to his beloved sleep; the place Where his seer slept was set remote, for rest, After the forty years of desert quest, The Sinal terrors, and the Pisgah grace. So, clear eyed priestess, sleep! remembering not The flery scathe of life, nor trackless years;

Not even Canaan's san kissed, flowery meads God shields, within his hollowed hand, the spot Where brooding peace rebukes unquiet tears. She sleepeth well who hath wrought such no-

-M. Virginia Donaghe in The Century.

RECOLLECTION. As when a player, weary of the day, Takes up his instrument and plays along, First aimlessly, until unto some song, Heard long ago, his fingers find their way-The old tune bringing memories which lay Deep buried in the past, once glad and strong-He feels again those joys around him throng, And weeps crewhile to think they cannot stay:

So I. a-weary with the passing hours, In musing fell upon the name of one Now dead and gone, who was once dear to me, And recollections, sweet as summer showers, Came back, swift as the first, faint gleams that

At dawn across a great gray waste of sea. -William Bartlett Tyler in Boston Transcript.

KENYON'S VERSION.

as they stood.

I took the contract.

rhaps. Anyhow, they killed one of the church was warm and bright and they

That night we went into camp ten miles

from home. There was a ravine and

plenty of brush, and the horses were

ready to drop in their tracks, and that

last ten miles was one of the things that

couldn't be done. So we got our fires

made and our horses fed and sheltered as

well as we could, and put some heart into

ourselves with buffalo steak and hot cof-

fee, and the rest of them packed them-

stand guard and keep the fires going, and

It wasn't a dark night. There was

goodish bit of a moon behind the clouds,

and it made a gray kind of light over every

thing. We were at the bottom of a dry

canyon that ran east and west, and the

wind did not reach us. It screeched and

screamed over our heads, and through it

all there was a kind of moaning roar, as

if we were at the bottom of a tide as deep

as the stars are high. I got to thinking

about old times away back, of one Sun-

day night just before we were married.

had gone east a little sooner than we ex-

pected, and had to wait for her things to

be finished. We went to church that

night. A keen, crisp, still night it was.

when the sleigh runners squeaked on the

snow and the moonlight traced the shad-

they had been put in black drawing. The

yet, so the air was full of the smell of them

if it came somehow from a world before

It was years since I had smelled it, and I

sat and listened to the music and looked

at the people, with their comfortable

clothing and faces that were cheerful, not

worn and wrinkled with care and weather.

Molly was an awfully pretty girl in those

days; all pink and white like an apple

awake out there in the heart of a Kansas

prairie, I got to thinking about her as she

was then and how she had changed. Skin

the color of tanned leather now, and that

wild, hungry look in her blue eyes, as if

they were always staring into the dark for

something that frightened her. And both

her children dead, and not even a spray

of the pine she loved so, nor a breath of

music: nothing but a dirt floor and log

walls that did all that was expected o

Somebody hailed over the top of the

"I 'lowed it was''-scrambling down

he sides of the gulch on his sure footed

mule-"you, Kenyon? News for you. A

kid up to your ranch, ten days old All

The rest roused themselves, sleepily.

He had got off the trail, and seeing our

smoke had struck for it. We knew and

he knew that the chances were that it

saved his life; but he swallowed his cof-

fee and smoked his pipe and turned in

with the rest as if getting lost in a

norther was one of the things that hap-

Then I sat and thought a while, and

"You take my turn," I said to him;

"I'll do my own traveling-on foot."

"You'll pass in your checks before

"No, the wind is at my back; no fords;

Went; half running, with the wind

driving me on till I was ready to drop.

Once I fell and lay there with the wind

dragging and tearing at me till I began to

grow sleepy, and then I had to get up and

Perhaps you never tried crossing a

prairie at night without a trail to follow.

it's a curious thing, one I cannot account

for; one that makes you feel as if your

body and all your senses were of no more

account than a spent cartridge. It hap-

pened to me that night, space and time

seemed to get all mixed up together all at

once racing along; it seemed to me that I

had been keeping up that sort of thing for

hours. I felt so adrift somehow-so hor-

ribly lost—as if I had slipped out of my-

self and was out in space without a land-

you'll have to try it yourself to know

what I mean. I had no watch; there was

no way of knowing how much time had

gone. Of all the devils that can enter

into a man uncertainty is the worst.

Every sort of a fancy came into my head.

Perhaps I did not know the route as well

as I had thought. Perhaps I had even

passed the cabins and was going away

from them with every step. I ought to

have reached them in three hours at the

utmost. It seemed to me that I had been

hurling along for twice three hours.

Once I tried madly to fight back into the

wind. It was hopeless, worse than use-

ess. I should drop with exhaustion in a

And then I found burned grass under

my feet. There had been a fire over the

prairie. The ground was not cold yet. A

new dread got hold of me. Who knew

where it had gone or what had stood in its

track? I ran along screaming something

-praying or swearing-quite mad, I think,

for a little, till I fell again, and the jar

I had gone over the edge of an old buf-

falo run scooped deep by the rush of sum-

mer rains. I lay still for a little while. I

must have gone to sleep, or perhaps l

fainted away. Anyway, when I came to

myself again the world was as still as the

The wind had gone down, as it will

sometimes, suddenly and entirely. The

silence was horrible. I got on my feet

stiff and benumbed. In all that gray, still,

ghastly space there was nothing to tell

east from west or north from south. I was

It was still enough, but the cold was

dangerous. I could not stop. I must

move somewhere. I must make myself a

purpose—a purpose to keep myself alive

I began walking; it did not matter in

what direction. If only my strength

held out till morning-strength to keep

off that horrible drowsiness. I know l

stumbled heavily along. I was thinking

about Molly and her baby; it all seemed

And then bells began to ring; deep and

soft and far off. I stopped in my tracks

to listen. It was the sound of bells, cer-

tain, full and sweet; and I turned and

went blindly on, following the sound as a

All at once I saw a light. It wasn't a

star; there were no stars. And nobody

camper was traveling about, and travelers

don't travel in the teeth of a norther.

lived on the big range, unless some

brought me to my senses.

lost on the big range.

like a dull dream.

at least-till daylight came.

hound might follow a scent.

ATAVE.

few minutes, and I must keep going.

pened, of course, to every man.

finally I roused out Madison.

"Il keep going;" and I went.

"Not a brute that will travel."

'I'm going home.'

morning.

go ahead again.

hands doing well yesterday morning."

them if they kept the weather out.

"What camp's that?"

"Kenyon and mates."

olossom, somehow. And fighting to keep

-that spicy, haunting smell, that seems as

selves into the wagon. Some one had to

We had it rough, Molly and I, for five years. We were New Englanders, both of us; but I had come west years before when I wasn't much more than a boy, to get rid of the lung fevers I used to have every spring sure, and maybe the fall between thrown in. I had nothing but my two hands to start with; but as soon as I'd made a beginning-a small one, of course -I went back for Molly.

And then, as I said, for five years we had it rough. In the first place, we were burned out in the town and never saved a thing but the clothes we stood in and my team. Then we started again out on the edge of everything, where land was cheap, and it looked as if hard work might count for something. That time the Indians ran us off. Never saw an Indian? Well, sir, you never want to. I don't want to be hard on anything the Lord saw fit to make. I suppose he knows what they are made for-or what he meant them for-I know there's a good deal of talk lately about their wrongs. They've had 'em, sure enough; may be I don't see things all round as I ought to. They say all general rules bear hard on particular ows of the elm on the white ground as if cases. I'm one of the particular cases,

her right in full sight of the cabin, and Molly hasn't got over it till this day. I picked up a few head of cattle cheap that fall, and for a year we lived in a wagon, camping and driving our cattle across the ranges. You don't know what that life means for a woman, take it month in and month out. Cooking over a camp fire, and not much of anything to cook, anyhow; clothes wet half the time; never warm in winter nor cool in summer and never clean. That year the boy died-snakebit. We were so far from a settlement that we couldn't get a doctor,

children there—the girl, 5 years old; shot

and we buried him ourselves. We got into a cabin in the fall. Four of us, each one poorer than the others, took a section of government land. We had our teams and our health, and we were down to bed rock; not much of anything to lose and everything to gain. A man will work under such circumstances. you'll find. We built in the middle of the adjoining corners of our quarters, and so had a little settlement of our own. We did it for the sake of the women, for it made an almighty sight of travel for us to get over in the course of the day. They were all New England women, slender and spare, but solid grit clear through. Plymouth Rock is pretty good stock. Never a whimper nor a complaint out of one of them, though there wasn't a second frock in the crowd; and if there was always corn bread and coffee enough for two in any of the shanties it wasn't in ours. After awhile, though, we had game enough-quail and prairie chickens. Prairie chickens! I wouldn't be hired to touch one now. I remember one day along toward spring when Molly struck. We had had quail and prairie chicken, prairie chicken and quail, three times a day ever since I could remember, it seemed to me. She put her fork down and pushed her plate away and just quoted out of the Bible: "Not one day, nor two days, nor five days, neither ten days nor twenty days, but even until it come out at your

knew the Bible. It really began to look as if we had touched bottom. That next spring we got our crops in-corn laid by, rain and sunshine and hot weather all just right; and now and then we would hear a laugh from the houses.

nostrils and be loathsome unto you." Molly

But the day the grasshoppers came there was mighty little laughing done. Clayton came in where I was taking my noon smoke and kind of dropped down in a chair by the door, as if he couldn't get any farther. "Mountaineers!" he said, with a kind

of gasp.
"What?" I said, not knowing but it was another kind of Indian. "Grasshoppers!" It seems he had been

there before. I ran out, and sure enough there they were, coming up against the sun like a low kind of cloud. And in a minute or two it was like being out in a live hail storm. We tried to fight them with fire and hot water, but we gave it up in an hour. All day we sat and listened to that horrible cracking and craunching, and when they got through it looked as if a fire had gone over us. Not a green thing left, and the corn stalks gnawed down to

We held a council of war. The end of it was that we drove our stock into the town the next day, thirty miles, and sold it. It didn't make us rich, but at least we got the price of the hides. Then three of us were to work in the coal shippings. and Jim Clayton went back to stay with the women. He had smashed his shoulder that summer and was of no mortal use with shovel and pick. We were to keep them in supplies, and it looked as if, after all, things might have been worse. And they got worse before a great while. The coal company petered out just as the real cold weather set in. We took back a big load of coal; it was the only pay weever got for our last fortnight's work, and

called another council. Along in November late-about the time when they were keeping Thanksgiving on the side where they know what Thanksgiving means—we started on a buffalo hunt. There was enough to eat, such as it was for a month in the cabins, and fuel enough to keep them warm; and by that time we thought work might begin again. Anyway, we'd have our meat for the rest

of the winter. Well, it's no use to go over that. wasn't a pleasant trip. We weren't out for the fun of killing. We camped out at night, and rode and shot and dressed game by day, and did not starve nor quite freeze to death; and we got back again on to the plains along in December.

I wanted to pash through and get home, but the horses were played out; and all the next day, after we struck the level. we just crawled along. We had not heard a word since we started, and I was pretty envions-Molly was not well when I left her: but there was no choice about it, I had to go; the women were with her, and there was a doctor in the town, and Clayton had a good horse, and we had to do about that as we had done about everything else-take our chances.

I shan't forget that day. Along in the middle of the morning a norther began to blow. It did not snow, although the sky thickened up with gray, woolly looking clouds, low down and threatening. You never felt a norther? A wind that goes through your bones, that clutches your heart and stops your brain; that breaks And this light swung and waved, went you up body and soul. You don't know out entirely for a second or two and then

anything about cold till you've felt one. If there is such a thing as a frozen hell, that's where these winds come from. It isn't pure cold, it's ghost cold, and all the infernal regions let loose, yelling and thundering up in the awful emptiness over your head and round you.

Bible verses flashed into my head; some thing about a "star in the east that went before them till it came and stood over Love the prairies? Well, you can love the place where the young child lay." them a good deal better on paper than Well, I wasn't a wise man, or anywhere else. But there's an awful fashouldn't have got in such a fix. I don't cination about them, somehow. It's like think I am an irreverent kind of a fellow, the sea. A man that's got his living out either; a man could live with Molly many of them for ten years is fit for nothing else vears and be that. Only I was looking in God's world. He can't get away. He's for a young child too, and babies-little spoiled for everything else under heaven. ones—always did seem to me near enough He's got to have the sky and a chance to breathe. It's about all there is to get, to heaven to make that story about the better than he can have anywhere else; star reasonable enough. Anyway, there it but it's a sure fact that so much he's got was, meant for me or not, and I folto have whatever else gets left. It's like lowed it. More than once I fell, but I always got a poem, may be-"I ain't much on rhyme" up and went on. I was talking to myself myself-driving across them in warm weather; horses fresh and well fed, with a big tent and spring cots for

part of the time, hearing my own voice and thinking it was some one else's. I lost my sense of time again, but kept on camping and a supply wagon with everydoggedly; and then, suddenly, the light thing you can think of but ice, and may be flashed brighter, whirled about in a wild that; all the world a-ripple with summer green; like the south wind surging like a sort of a way, and went out entirely. warm ocean and the sky blue and soft and I gave a shout and ran forward. thought I should die if I lost it. And arching away up to the great white throne. That's one thing. To go trailing along, horses dead beat and half starved, pulling a big wagon through sloughs up to the ayles or over frozen ruts that wring every bolt in the concern and every bone in your

there I was standing on a wide trail, with a sort of square dark shape standing up in the dimness before me, with light and voices coming out of the chinks, and somehow, there was the door, and my hand on the latch, and in another second body, while mile after mile of dead grass -oh! it was Molly-Molly with a lamp stretching out to the edge of the world, in her hand, bending over a feeding box with buzzards swinging up out of nowhere, made into a cradle, with a great armful more like something infernal than any decent living thing; with coyotes yelping and of hay and a white sheepskin for a cover, crying all night-that's another thing, and and Madison's wife kneeling on one side and Clayton's wife on the other, and bethe kind that doesn't get talked about yond, with the lights flashing in their much. Perhaps you don't remember that item in last winter's newspapers-a half great, wandering, shining eyes, a pair of dozen lines or so-two families frozen in a astonished horses. And then there came a piping cry from the feeding trough, and Texas norther, horses, dogs and all, just

purned up again. And near or far I

could not tell, only it was a light and it moved, and I followed it. And I could

Then, all at once, another one of Molly's

hear the bells all the time.

knew I had found the baby. Burned out? Yes, sir. That was the last thing; but they had had warning before the fire came down on them. Jim Clayton had taken the women and struck across for the big road and they took the first shelter they came to, a stable that had been built in the days when all the California supplies went overland by mule train. When the wind fell he took the lantern and tried to find a cabin that used to stand somewhere near, and I had been following him for half an hour.

Oh yes, I'm well fixed now; three thousand head of cattle out on the Gunnison. And Molly spends her summers back home, and she and the babies bring back enough croup and catarrh and bronchitis sore throat to last them half the next winter.-New York Independent.

How the Turks Make Coffee. A special word for the coffee is needed. The Turkish coffee is seldom liked at first by strangers, but it does not take long for one to learn to like that so well that no other coffee ever tastes half so good. There is a small brass thing between a dipper and a kettle with a capacity for two, four or more cups marked upon it. Into this is put cold water, a teaspoon heaping full of sugar for each cup and a small teaspoonful of coffee ground as fine as flour for each person. These are added the cold water, and then the ebrick, or coffee kettle, is pushed down into the coals of the manga, or brazier, and just as it is on the point of boiling, before it does the coffee is poured into tiny porcelain cups, which hold as much as half an egg shell. This cup is then placed into a beautiful gold or silver filagree coffee holder, and is served with a tray of glasses of water. First you drink the water to leave your mouth clean enough to appreciate to the full the delicious aroma of the coffee. No milk or cream is added and the coffee is thick with grounds, and on the top of each cup should be a foam called kaimac, or cream. As soon as you enter a harem the chief lady, or bascadine hanum, claps her hands and the caffeejee, or coffee bearer, brings coffee. -Olive Harper in Philadel-

A Queer Japanese Custom Riding up the wide street a short oustance we come to the United States consulate—for a wonder a really fine looking building-beyond which, on each side of the street, we notice numerous bamboo poles, from the tops of which are floating immense many colored paper fishes, so constructed as to be filled by the wind. These illustrate a very curious custom in rogue all through Japan. During the month of May it is customary to float a paper fish in front of each house in which male child has been born during the year, and very unhappy are most young narried couples who cannot display such an emblem. The boy, no matter how ugly or mischievous he may be, is the pride of the Japanese household, and on the 5th of each May his parents must give a festival in his honor, at which time he is the reripient of all sorts of boys' toys, not only rom his own parents, but also from their relatives and friends. It is the greatest social festival of the year. On one pole, just above the paper fish, we noticed a lowing paper figure in blue and white-Japanese mourning colors—which we imagined signified that a male child had been born in the adjacent house during the year, but that it had since been carried off by the grim destroyer.-Cor. Bal-

Device for Reporting Sporting Figures. Mr. D. Wilkins, pressman of The Chicago Mail, has recently patented a device, the practical workings of which, we are credibly informed, have increased the extra edition of that journal containing the result of the baseball matches from 1,200 to 24,000 copies. A few evenings since, on nvitation, we visited its pressroom, in which are located two Presto presses, about 5:80 o'clock. The plates were already on the cylinder, containing a detailed description of the match up to the sixth inning. In these plates were inserted a number of square black blocks, with the names of the contesting clubs preceding them. At the telephone, near mark to measure anything by. I expect the presses, was a teller, who announced the results of each inning, received directly from the ground, to the pressman standing ready, die in hand, to impress or the respective blocks the required figures. As soon as the result of the ninth inning was received and the totals inserted the machines were set in motion, and in twenty-two seconds from the announcement of the result a paper containing an account of the game was placed in our hands; in less than a minute the newsboys were selling them on the street, and before the crowds at the grounds had dispersed The Mail wagon was on hand to supply the demand for the "extra."—In-

land Printer. Physicians as Opium Slaves. Many physicians become slaves to the opium habit. A recent Austrian medical physicians who have fallen victims to it as soon as a meal is over, and the lid of and of the many who have only just es- my water cooler is securely fastened caped. A Prussian writer had sixteen down. cases of morphia addiction under his care, of which medical men formed more of the young baby who is stated not to rethan one-third. The majority of my own | quire food supplied by the house. After patients are medical men. The physician apt to resort to the drug because his calling involves special inroads into his | so good that I think dear baby might try mental and physical well being. Nearly a little." You assent, and the next morn always, in them as in others, there is | ing the fond mother calmly asks your sersome form of neurotic disorder. Any vant "where the baby's milk is."-The form of persistently painful disturbance | Epoch.

involves this risk. A medical gentleman (a former patient of mine) says: "I proclaim it as my sincere belief that any physician afflicted with neurotic disease of marked severity, and who has in his possession a hypodermic syringe and Magendie's solution, is bound to become, sooner or later, if he tampers at all with the potent and fascinating alleviative, an opium habitue."-J. B. Mattison, M. D.,

in The Epoch. Liquid Solidified by Pressure. Hitherto there has been no instance known of a liquid, properly so called, being solidified by pressure alone, but this experiment has now been accomplished by the French chemist, Amagat, who has succeeded in thus solidifying the bichloride of carbon.-New York Commercial

Hard and Soft Water. The importance of soft water for do-mestic purposes is illustrated by the experience of a large London asylum, in which a change from hard to soft water has resulted in an estimated annual saving in soda, soap, labor, etc., of more than \$4,000.—Arkansaw Traveler.

THE WAR IN DIXIE.

CONFEDERATE COLONEL GIVES SOME WAR TIME EXPERIENCES.

A Burnt Offering of Surplus Baggage Novel Methods of Preparing a Dinner. A Primitive Spring Bed-An Icy Couch-

In the spring of 1862 our patres conscripti had evidently become convinced that the contest was likely to be both serious and long, and volunteers for three years or the war were called for. Soon after this I was at Corinth, Miss., as captain of a company in the Thirty-eighth Mississippi regiment. I had provided myself with an ample supply of bedding, including a mattress, and took along a trunk containing some elegant citizen's clothing for dress or social occasions. One day our quartermaster requested us to send all baggage to the depot for "convenience of transportation in case of retreat." This was thoughtful of him and I felt grateful, but not for long. In a few hours it transpired that our luggage was not to be checked through, but was to be burned. It began to dawn upon me that I had been somewhat stupid in my military preparations, but when I rushed off to the depot and found several acres of similar impediments piled up for a burnt offering I felt somewhat relieved. It was clear that my ears were no longer than my neighbors'. That night Corinth was evacuated. The measles, a disease very fatal to soldiers, had already appeared in camp and the exposure of this retreat resulted in the death of fifty-nine men in my company of 180. The regiment had been hurried to the front before submitting to the hardening process of a camp of instruction, through the ambitious vanity of its colonel, who was in baste to win a brigadier's wreath.

formed in a culinary way that could not be excelled. Being separated from our trains and having little knowledge of the need of being always prepared for sudden movements, there was neither pot nor pan to be found in the company. In spite of these minor difficulties dined one day, by invitation, and, as I thought at the time, luxuriously, off of hot loaf bread and butter and broiled tenderloin steak. Dinner was prepared in this way: A pit was dug some twenty inches square and one foot deep with a shoulder half ways down. In this pit dry

It occasioned no surprise that the lean

Jack Falstaff ran away from our first

serious fight at Iuka and we saw him no

more. On this retreat a feat was per-

oak twigs were burned to embers. A clean handkerchief well floured answered for a tray and the loaf, when kneaded. was placed in the pit. This was covered with bark and earth and the oven was perfect and complete. When the bread was done other sticks were made to do duty as a griddle, and with the help of a few necessities obtained from a farm house the steak was broiled and seasoned

A PRIMITIVE SPRING BED. trunks and mattresses disappeared and most generally, tents were an unknown luxury to the private soldier in the field Here again necessity spurred on invention and a sort of liliputian tent was the result. Four stakes about two feet long, with forks for cross pieces, were driven in the ground. On these a platform was making a spring bed of no mean pretensions. . About three feet above this was a ridge pole, across which a rubber or woolen blanket was stretched tent fashanother for covering formed the tempo rary couch of two men. They entered oa all fours at the end, as a rat enters his for the purpose they are all right. This hole, but, unlike the rat, they did not is the way it works.' turn round to come out. This pretentious style of housekeeping was only resorted to in wet weather. Strict economy in the matter of labor was the rule among soldiers, and the earth for a couch and the sky for a covering sufficed in most cases. I never knew one of these platforms made to avoid sleeping on the frozen ground. The soldier would spread his blanket and lie down until his underside fraternized with the ice, when he would growl and turn over and freeze the other side while

the first thawed out, and so on through I well remember one fellow, a fine soldier, too, who scorned the burden of even a blanket on the march, and so at night, when he failed to steal one (which was seldom), he sat up by a fire and made night hideous with mock sermons of wonderful theology and doubtful morality. Strange to say, he survived the war, and is now enlisted in the army of the Lord. At Vicksburg this same preacher was responsible for a ready retort under trying circumstances. He was then a firm Calvinist, and was always ready to do battle in defense of his creed. One day he was sitting, with a group, in an angle of the works, discussing his favorite dogma of predestination. Just then a shell exploded and knocked the predestinarian over without hurting him. When he recovered his breath and legs he darted off for

the shelter of a traverse just in front of us. His antagonist yelled at and twitted him with his want of faith in his own doctrine. He did not pause in the order of his going, but stuttered back: "Ca-cacan't stop; it's pre-pre-pre-destined that I traverse!" and he fulfilled the decree to the letter and with commendable alacrity. -Ex-Confederate Col. J. H. Jones in Philadelphia Times.

Tricks of Summer Boarders. There is no end to the mean and way tricks that some summer boarder: play. From the moment they enter your house they seem to do nothing but scheme how they can get more than they pay for. If they see that there is an unoccupied allowed to use it till it is let, and if they once get possession they will do their best

o prevent its being let.

I am considered unreasonable and unvisiting "darlings" like to throw stones at the cow or chase the chickens, they ought to be allowed these country amusements. Of course each family would like to keep box of beer or some temperance drink in declared impossible, remarks are made be free to the boarders, who waste or spoil

the fruit were properly picked. My sugar bowls used to be nightly emptied to sweeten lemonade, and my water cooler robbed of the ice in order to cool the ame. I have now to lock my dining r

Let the boarding house keeper beware the first meal the young mother says. "Really, Mrs. So and So, your milk looks

Shaving on a Fast Train. A genial young man was talking at the University club with a circle of friends about men who possessed that rare desideratum called nerve. "Why, do you know," he went on to say, "last spring I was on a Baltimore and Ohio train going to Washington. The train was spinning along at the liveliest rate, throwing the rear car, in which we were sitting, first on one side and then on another in a cracking-the-whip sort of way, making it alnost impossible to walk in the aisle without being precipitated violently into a seat. Then, in the rear end of the car in the gentlemen's dressing room, I saw a man with nerve.

He was quietly stropping his razor and preparing lather for shaving. It was a broad, old fashioned blade, bright as a silver pocket piece. "Ain't you afraid of cutting your throat,"' I inquired. "No, not a bit of it. Just wait and see me mow this wire stubble; it beats a talking barber all to pieces." Calmly he lathered his face, and, steadying himself with his left hand, he took the razor and commenced the downward cut with the right. The car was jumping and seemed as if it would leave the rails at any moment.

with a firm and steady hand the young man bent to his work without fear or trembling, and succeeded in getting a blance of a scratch. The porter came in while this exhibition was taking place, and, with an astonished face, exclaimed, "Golly! mister, yous got a heap of nerve, de most I ever did sec."-Chicago Journal.

IT'S THE UNDERWEAR'S FAULT. Physician Who Cures Disorders by Prescribing Woolen Underclothing.

"Bad cold?" "I should say I had, doctor," responded he reporter as he smothered a cough. "What kind of underclothing do you "The same kind I wore all summer."

"Linen or cotton?" "I really can't say. Cotton, I believe." "Did you suffer from the heat much during the summer?' "Suffer? I should say I did. I nearly melted."

"And you are a trifle chilly, now that the cold wave has come? "I am indeed: but what have my underclothes to do with that? I have always worn the same kind in summer." "So does almost every one. The use of

linen and cotton for underwear is one of the commonest of all errors in this country. Now in Germany we have a movement which is called the German school of clothing reform. It aims to replace cotton and linen with woolen goods. There are many reasons why this should be done. Wool exercises a stimulating effect upon the skin, unlike linen and cotton, and consequently promotes the proper action of the poxes, glands and superficial tissues. It is a nonconductor of heat and preserves the normal temperature of the body. It allows a freer escape of the perspiration, and thus lowers, by evaporation, any abnormal temperature of the body, and facilitates the loss of excessive heat. Also, through its nonconductivity of heat, it preserves the normal measure of warmth. Hence it is a better protection against the extremes of either heat or cold than linen or cotton."

"Well, those certainly do seem to be reasons enough." "Indeed they are, but they are not all. Wool is electrical, while linen and cotton are not. Wool can excite electricity, but does not conduct it. Therefore a body clothed in wool loses less of its animal electricity, while fresh electricity is excited on the surface. The intimate relationship between galvanic, nervous and vital forces render this peculiarity of the greatest importance to the wearer." "Why doesn't every one wear wool

"Because," answered the physician, "the old idea of having something flumsy and gauzy next to the fish is too firmly instilled in the minds of the manufacturers of underwear for them to experiment with woolen materials. I have cured a large number of sick men of seemingly incurable disorders by simply prescribing a change in their underwear. While it is not an infallible cure all," added the physician in conclusion, "it certainly is of would result in great permanent good.'

Protecting Watches from Electricity. "The electric railroads are magnetizing great many watches," said a jeweler. The watches become as thoroughly magnetized as though brought within the range of adynamo, Here are three watches made by laying poles lengthwise, thus sent to me from Scranton, Pa., to be demagnetized. The jeweler that sent them said he had thirty-five in the same condi-

"Can they be made to resist the influion. A blanket laid on the platform, and ence of the electricity?" ventured a re-Oh, ves. If we nut in a shield made

The jeweler took an ordinary watch cover, put a steel pen in it and moved a magnet on the outside of the cover. The pen followed the movements of the magnet. He did the same with a pen in one of the shields, but the magnet was power-

"In some of the finer watches we put a double shield," he continued, "and a plate over the dial. We protected a watch for Vice President C. E. Chinnock, of the Edison company. He used it two years while superintendent in their place in Pearl street, and walked between two big dynamos with it without the watch being disturbed. Those dynamos are the largest in the world, 150 horse power each, and each will lift 4,000 pounds. They took an umbrella right away from me." "Has there been any particular disturb-

ance of watches this summer?" "It has been very great. The electrical condition of the atmosphere this season has doubled the business in mainsprings. More mainsprings have been broken than has ever been known before. Nearly all the watches taken in for repairs this season have had broken mainsprings." "Is the effect of the electric railways

"Every watch carried on an electric railway will be magnetized unless it has a but received only a slight wound in the shield. Every lever on an ordinary engine is a magnet of itself by reason of the earth's inductive force. Many railroad companies require their engineers and conductors to have their watches protected by shields, much of the trouble of watches being out of time resulting in accidents is due to this cause."-New York Evening Sun.

The Great Iron King's Heir. Frederick Alfred Krupp, son and heir of the great iron king who died recently, has issued this address to his men at Essen: "To the officials and workmen of my steel works: On my return from the tomb of my never to be forgotten father, I take the first opportunity to express my heartfelt thanks to all for the last honors rendered to the departed in escorting his There has been one death. The people remains to their last resting place and for room they will ask that the children be the touching sympathy shown me in my bereavement. This sympathy is to me a proof of the faithful attachment to my father and a great consolation in my profound grief. It fills me with confidence feeling if I object to my hall and parlor be- that every one of you within his sphere, ing made into a playground. And if the in remembrance of him who is no more will assist me in performing the duties de volved on me, thereby contributing to the maintenance of the reputation which the establishment has attained by the energy and under the direction of my late father the ice chest, and when such a thing is On my part I shall consider it a sacred duty to go on working after the example about "being so mean with a little bit of and in the spirit of the deceased, and, like ice." The orchard and fruit garden must him, I shall deem it my first care to look after the welfare of the officials and workthree times as much as they could eat if men of the establishment."-Boston Tran-

Thomas Jefferson's Violin. 1770, the family house at Shadwell was latter he estimated at \$1,000 cost value. Not only his law books, but his records and notes of cases he had prepared for court, everything in the shape of writter memoranda, except the "garden book," the preservation of which was long unknown, went up in flame. The servant who brought him the news in breathless haste had but one consoling item of information—"they had saved his fiddle."

-John G. Nicolay in The Century. The Non-payment of Rent. In the reports of the health of towns commissioners it is continually pointed out | been discovered at that place. Some that sickness is the chief cause of the nonpayment of rent. One witness says: Three out of five of the losses of rent that I now have are losses from the sickness of the tenants, who are working men. Rent is the best got from healthy houses.' Another says: "Sickness at all forms an excuse for the poorer part not paying their rent, and a reasonable excuse," so that filth causes sickness, sickness inability to work, inability to work poverty and nonpayment of rent, to say nothing of starvation.—Science Book Review.

The friends of an Englishman who fell over a precipice in the Alps could not be satisfied until they had the height measured to a foot. When they got the figures-560 feet—they rather concluded that he was dead.—Detroit Free Press.

The South Sea Islanders at their last missionary meeting raised \$1,581 for a new yucht to carry the gospel to New

English Dislike of France

It is singular how the English dislike the French. This sentiment is prevalent clean shave without a single cut or sem- in the very best circles, and is equally strong with the uneducated masses. The secret of the opposition to the construc-tion of the tunnel does not arise from any fear upon the part of those opposing this scheme that England will be in any more danger of invasion after the completion of such a tunnel, but from invincible dislike for the French. Said one of the best and most intelligent English gentlemen I have met in this country: "We don't want anything built or done that can make communication between this country and France easy and more intimate than it now is." Then he added in a thoughtful, contemplative way: "I think I can say without danger of exaggeration that I hate all Frenchmen, and I do not know of a single properly trained Englishman who does not feel as I do."—T. C. Crawford in

New York World. An Automatic Lamp B. B. Bunnell, of Bradford, Conn , has nvented an automatic lamp which goes by clockwork. When the right hour comes a cap is drawn over the wick, leaving a small blaze; the cap is lifted when the lamp is needed again. Several of these are in use in the streets of New London, and go without any care for several days, a large tank of oil supplying them.-Bos-

ROMOLA.

ton Transcript.

A post's vision, clad in the fair guise Of a bright lily, all in white and gold-Hers not the form for passionate arms to fold: e loves, but loves in such angelic wise As might some wanderer from the upper skies. Who wears, with rosy lips of tenderest curve, The starry purity of saintly eyes. But if some lofty purpose were to serve, The fair and delicate figure that would seem

tread, The flaming city of the unpardoned dead (Shewn to the Fibrentine in lurid dream), Serene and scathless thro' the infernal glow Nor touch of fire upon her raiment know. A. C. Bowers in New Orleans Times-Democra

One who could walk, with straight, unshaken

Mr. Ed. F. Bourne, the efficient and worthy cashier of the United States Express Co., Des Moines, Iowa, says: "From the lack of exercise and from close confinement to office work, I have been troubled with habitual constination | many cases have been cured by it, after I have received more benefit from St. Patrick's Pills than anything I ever tried. I gave them a thorough test and am now in perfect health. I hereby recommend them as a pleasant and reliable medicine." They do not grasp nor cause the sickness occasioned by the operation of almost all other cathartic pills or medicines. Sold by Dowty &

A report comes from Ft. Smith, Ark of the shooting of United States Marshall Heck Thomas by a noted desperanamed Tom Lee, on the Deleware bend, about 100 miles southeast of Ft. Smith. About two years ago Thomas shot and killed two of Lee's brothers, for whom large rewards had been offered. On learning it Tom, the remaining brother, swore he would kill Thomas at sight. The marshall left this city a few days ago for that neighborhood in search of horse thieves, and Lee is said to have come upon him Thursday night alone and killed him.

Wonderful Cures. W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail druggists of Rome, Ga., says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery. Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell so well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by Dowty

Mrs. Charles Schaeffer, of Breslau, while walking on the path across the garden of George Gaeblein, of the same place the other afternoon, was shot and instantly killed by Gaeblein, who was lying in wait for the purpose. He immediately buried the woman's body, having a grave in readiness. The husband of Mrs. Schaeffer came that way later on and was also shot by Gaeblein, hand. Gaeblein was arrested. The trouble has been one of long standing and was caused by Shaeffer's using the

path through Gaeblein's property. Good Wages Ahead.

George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, can give you work that you can do and live at home, making great pay. You are started free. Capital not needed. Both sexes. All ages. Cut this out and write at once; no harm will be done if you conclude not to go to work, after you learn all. All particulars free. Best paying work in Physicians of Tampa, Fla., pronounce

only two cases, both of a mild type. are terror stricken and the town is being

the existence of yellow fever. There are

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that each drurgist is authorized to refund your money by the Proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you. Dr. A. Heintz has secured the Agency for it. Price 50c and \$1. Trial size free.

The entire Ogeltree family consisting of four persons, near Tallaga, Ala., were poisoned the other day. All the members of the family have died, including David Ogletree and wife and An untoward accident hastened the two children. Their death was caused by drinking whisky in which Mrs. Ogelburned. Nearly all its contents were also tree had put strychnine. She had destroyed, the principal loss in Jefferson's threatened to poison the whole family eyes being his papers and books, which The deaths occurred in a few hours after taking the whisky.

No one is well equipped for a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhosa Remedy. In an emergency its value cannot be estimated. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

T. L. Kimball, of Omaha, received the

other day from Ellsworth, Kas., specimens of the rock slate that has recently months ago the Ellsworth mining company commenced to bore a hole in the ground, and at a depth of 730 feet struck slate. They went through the vein and found it to be 145 feet thick. At a depth of 1185 feet a flow of gas, that burns four feet high above the ground, was intercepted and the boring stopped. With this gas, which will furnish fuel for power to mine the salt, the company certainly has a great bonanza.

English Spavin Limment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Stiffes, Sprains Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Every bottle warranted by C. B. Stillman, druggist, Columbus, Neb.

Personal.

Mr. N. H. Frohilchstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at Dowty & Becher's

There are about twenty cases and four deaths from yellow fever at Tampa,

Fla. Many people have fled. Worth Your Attention.

Cut this out and mail it to Allen & Co., Augusta, Maine, who will send you free, something Sciatica, new, that just coins money for all workers. As Lumbage, wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as Rhoumatie pure gold, it will prove of lifelong value and Burns, importance to you. Both sexes, all ages. Allen Scalds, & Co. bear expense of starting you in business. Stings, It will bring you in more cash, right away, than Bites, anything else in this world. Anyone anywhere Bruises. can do the work, and live at home also. Better Bunions. write at once; then, knowing all, should you Corns, onclude that you don't care to engage, why no harm is done.

A report comes from Havana that owing to the almost daily shocks of earthquakes at Santiago, a panic has seized the inhabitants and business is almost completely suspended.

A GOOD ONE. Mr. James Marsh, of Aten, Neb., after an experience of four ears in using and selling Chamberlain's Pain-Balm, says: "It is the best and most reliable liniment ever produced." A fifty cent bottle will accomplish more, in the treatment of rheumatism, lame back or severe sprains, than five dollars invested in any other way. A great being given up as hopelessly incurable. It promptly relieves the pain in all cases. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

Owing to the prevalence of Asiatic cholera in Europe, an order in council has been passed at Ottawa, Ont., prohibiting importation of rags from Mediterrenean ports.

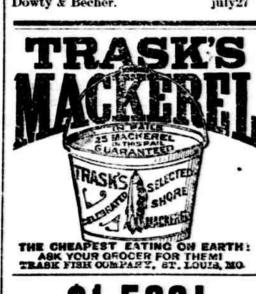
The Population of Columbus

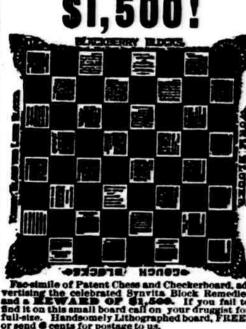
Is about 3,000, and we would say at least one half are troubled with some affection of the Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more vise all not to neglect the opportunity to call on us and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial size free. Respectfully, Dr. A. Heintz.

Ralph Atkinson, at Eau Claire, Wis., supposed to have friends in Chicago, engaged in selling notions, disappeared the other day from the Winsor house and has not been heard from since. He cents per year. had some money on his person, and leaving his goods here, there is a supposition that he has met with foul play.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts. Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum. Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dowty & Becher.





COUGH BLOCKS. From Mason Long, the Converted Gambler.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., April 5, 1884.—I have given the Synvita Cough Blocks a thorough trial. They cured my little girf (3 years' old) of Croup. My wife and mother-in-law were troubled with coughs of long standing. One package of the Blocks has cured them so they can talk "as only women do."

MASON LONG.

WORM BLOCKS. LIMA, O., Jan. 25, 1987.—The Synvita Worm Blocks loted like a charm in expelling worms from my lit-ite child. The child is now well and hearty, instead

BLACKBERRY BLOCKS. DELPHOS, O., July 7th, '86.—Our six-months old child had a severe attack of Summer Complaint. Physicians could do nothing. In despair we tried Synvita Blackberry Blocks.—recommended by a friend—and a few does effected a complete cure. Accept our heartfelt indorsement of your Blackberry Blocks.

MR. AND MRS. J. BANZHAF.

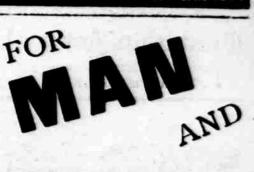
The Synvita Block Remedies are The neatest thing out, by far. Pleasant, Cheap, Convenient, Sure, Handy, Reliable, Harmless and Pure. No box; no teaspoon or sticky bottle. Put up in patent packages. 25 Doses 25 Cents. War-ranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your drug-gist. If you fail to get them send price to THE SYNVITA CO., Delphos, Ohio, AND RECEIVE THEM POSTPAID. CHECKERBOARD FREE with each ORDER.

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THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY implishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of Mustang Liniment is found in its universal applicability. Everybody needs such a medicine. The Lumberman needs it in case of accident

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The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable and his stock yard. The Steamboat man or the Boatman need it in liberal supply affoat and ashore. The Horse-fancier needs it-it is friend and safest reliance.

The Stock-grower needs it-it will save him s of dollars and a world of trouble. The Railroad man needs it and will need it so ong as his life is a round of accidents and dangers. The Backwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, b and comfort which surround the pioneer. The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and whee these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once. Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of

Keep a Bottle in the Factory, Itaimmediate use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages. Koop a Bettle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.

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